

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VII.]

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[NUMBER 357.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISON, at his Printing-Office, (Torick's Head) No. 3, Peck Slip.

THE VICAR'S TALE.

[Continued.]

THE village clock now striking eight, the worthy Vicar rose, and slipping something in the old man's hand, desired me to follow him. At our departure the villagers promised to take care of the old man. We returned the farewell civilities of the rustics, and directed our steps to the vicarage. It was small, with a thatched roof. The front was entirely covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, which strongly scented the circumambient air. A grove of ancient oaks, that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook, that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the distant barkings of the trusty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the hamlet, formed a concert, at least equal to that on Tottenham-court-road. On entering the wicket we were met by a little girl of six years old. Her dress was simple, but elegant; and her appearance such as spoke her destined for a higher sphere. As soon as she had informed her grandfather that supper was ready, she dropped a curtesy, and retired. I delayed not a moment to congratulate the good old man on possessing so great a treasure. He replied, but with a sigh, and we entered the house, where every thing was distinguished with an air of elegant simplicity that surprised me. On our entrance, he introduced me to his wife; a woman turned of forty, who, still possessed great remains of beauty, and had much the appearance of a woman of fashion. She received me with easy politeness, and regretted that she had it not in her power to entertain me better. I requested her not to distress me with unnecessary apologies, and we sat down to supper. The little angel, who welcomed us at the door, now seating herself opposite to me, afforded me an opportunity of contemplating one of the finest faces I had ever beheld. My worthy host, observing how much I was struck with her appearance, directed my attention to a picture which hung over the mantle. It was a striking likeness of my little neighbor, only on a larger scale. That, sir, said he, is Harriet's mother. Do you not think there is a vast resemblance? To this I assented, when the old man put up a prayer to Heaven, that she might resemble her mother in every thing but her unhappy fate. He then started another topic of conversation, without gratifying the curiosity he had excited concerning the fate of Harriet's mother, for whom I had already felt myself much interested.

Supper being removed, after chatting some time, my worthy host conducted me to my bed-chamber, which was in the ground-floor, and lined with jessamine, that was conducted in at the windows. After wishing me good night, he retired, leaving me to rest. The beauty of the scenery, however, and my usual propensity to walk by moon-light, induced me to leave my fragrant cell. When I sallied forth, the moon

was darting forth her tempered rays through the shade that surrounded the cottage, tipping the tops of the venerable oaks with silver. After taking a turn or two on the lawn, I wandered to the spot,

"Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept."

It was small, and for the most part surrounded with yew trees of an ancient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered in the dust. No sooner did I enter, than my attention was caught by a pillar of white marble, placed on the summit of a small eminence, the base of which was surrounded with honeysuckles and woodbines, whilst a large willow overshadowed the pillar. As I was with attention perusing the epitaph, I was not a little alarmed by the approach of a figure, cloathed in a long robe. The apparition continued advancing towards me with a slow step, and its eyes fixed on the ground, which prevented it observing me till we were within reach of each other. Great was my wonder at recognizing my worthy host in this situation; nor was his astonishment less at finding his guest thus courting the appearance of goblins and fairies. After each had expressed the surprise he felt, I proceeded to enquire whose dust was there enshrined? To my questions he returned answer—There, sir, sleeps Harriet's mother, an innocent, but unfortunate woman. Pardon me, sir, said he, if for a moment I indulge my sorrow, and bedew my Harriet's grave with tears—a tribute that I often pay her much lov'd memory, when the rest of the world are lost in sleep. Here he paused, and seemed much agitated. At length he requested my permission to defer the recital of Harriet's woes till the next day, as he found himself unequal to the task of proceeding in the painful detail. To this proposal I readily acceded, and we returned home. I retired to my room, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. Harriet had so wholly occupied my thoughts, that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, "when soared the warbling lark on high," I left my couch, and rejoined my worthy landlord, who was busily employed in the arrangement of his garden. Though I declined mentioning the subject of our last night's adventure, yet he saw the marks of anxious expectation in my countenance, and proceeded to gratify the curiosity he had inspired. It will be necessary, said he, before I proceed to relate the woes that befel my daughter, to give a short sketch of my own life.—Six and twenty years ago, Mrs. — came hither for the benefit of her health, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. On her arrival, she gave out that she was the daughter of a clergyman, who was lately dead, and had left her in narrow circumstances. I thought it my duty to visit her, and offer her any little attention in my power. She received me with politeness, and expressed a wish to cultivate my acquaintance. I continued to repeat my visits for some time without suspecting that there was any thing particular in her history, till one morning I found her in tears reading a letter she

had just received. On my entrance she gave it to me: it contained a notification from Lord B—'s agent, that her usual remittances would no longer be continued. On opening this letter, I was led to suppose that her connexion with Lord B— was not of the most honorable nature. But all my suspicion vanished on her producing several letters from Lord B— to her mother, with whom he had been long connected.—From these letters I learnt, that Mrs. — was the daughter of Lord B— by Miss M—, sister to a Scotch baronet, whom he had seduced and supported during the remainder of her life. But he had, it seems, determined to withdraw his protection from the fruit of their connexion. Mrs. — declared she new not what step to take, as her finances were nearly exhausted. I endeavored to comfort her, assuring her that she should command every assistance in my power.—On hearing this she seemed a little satisfied, and became more composed. After sitting with her some time, I returned home to consider in what manner I might most easily afford protection to the young orphan, whose whole dependence was on my support.—If I took her home to live with me, as I was unmarried, it would give offence to my parishioners.

My income was too confined to admit of my affording her a separate establishment. Thus circumstanced, I determined to offer her my hand. You will, no doubt, say it was rather an imprudent step for a man who had seen his fortieth year to connect himself with youth and beauty: but as my brother was then living, it was impossible for me to render her the least assistance on any other plan. She received my proposal with grateful surprise, and accepted it without hesitation.—In a few days we were married, and have now lived together six and twenty years in a state, the felicity of which has never been interrupted by those discordant jars which are so frequently the concomitants of matrimony: though, alas! our peace has received a mortal wound from one, the bare mention of whose name fills me with horror! But not to digress: Before the return of that day which saw me blessed with the hand of Emily, my happiness received an important addition, by the birth of a daughter, who inherited all her mother's charms. It is superfluous to add, that she was equally the idol of both her parents; and as she was the only fruit of our marriage, she became every day a greater favorite. My wife had received such an education as rendered her fully capable of accomplishing her daughter in a manner far superior to any thing her situation required, or perhaps could justify. To this agreeable employment, however, she devoted her whole time, and when Harriet had reached her eighteenth year, she was in every respect a highly accomplished woman. She was become what that picture represents her. With an amiable temper and gentle manners, she was the idol of the village. Hitherto she had experienced a state of felicity unknown in the more exalted stations of life unconscious, alas! of the ills that awaited her future years.

It is with reluctance I proceed in the melancholy narrative.—One evening, as a young man, attended by a servant, was passing through the village, his horse startled, and threw him. Happening to be on the spot at the time, I offered every assistance in my power, and conveying him to my cottage, dispatched his servant in quest of a surgeon, who declared our patient was not in any danger, but recommended it to him to delay his departure for a day or two. His health, however, or rather his love, did not admit of his travelling for near a fortnight; during which time he established his interest with Harriet by the most pleasing and unremitting attention to her slightest wishes. When about to depart, he requested leave to repeat his visit on his return from his intended tour, dropping, at the same time, some distant hints of his affection for Harriet, to whom she was by no means indifferent.

Mr. H— (for so our guest was named) informed us, previous to his departure, that he had a small independent fortune; but that from a distant relation he had considerable expectation.—After bidding an affectionate adieu to Harriet, he set out on his intended tour which lasted for a month. [To be concluded in our next.]

UNFORTUNATE DISASTER, ON A WEDDING DAY.

A Young gentleman, who a few years since, lived in London, who had made his addresses to an agreeable young lady, and won her heart; also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a fancy to have them married at the same parish-church, where he himself was, at a village in Westmoreland, and they accordingly set out, he being at the same time indisposed with the gout at London.

The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid; and they had a most agreeable journey to the place appointed, from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father:

SIR,

After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour, in which I am to be your son. I assure you, the bride carries it in the eye of the vicar, who married you, much beyond her mother; though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better shew than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence. Your most dutiful son,

T—D—.

P. S. The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.

The villagers were assembled about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's servant knew his master would leave the place very soon after the wedding was over, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took an opportunity of going into his chamber and charged them again.

Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room, and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the bridegroom took up one of the pistols, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presented it to her, and said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery, Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me: consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments

of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.

Give fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. Will, said he, did you charge these pistols? He answered, Yes: upon which his master shot him dead with that remaining.

After, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

SIR,

I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me: I have murdered him for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave. But before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man! remember, that he who killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death I give you thanks, and pray for you, tho' I dare not pray for myself. If it be possible do not curse me. Farewell for ever. T. D.

This being finished, he put an end to his life; and afterward, the body of the servant was interred in the village where he was killed, and the young couple, attended by the maid, were brought to London, and privately interred in one grave, in the parish where the unhappy father resided in

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. HARRISON,
By inserting the following in your next Museum,
you will much oblige a young Subscriber.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PAINTERS.

BEST and happiest artizan,
Best of painters if you can,
With your many colour'd art
Paint the mistress of my heart.
Describe the charms you hear from me,
Her charms you could not paint and see;
And make the absent nymph appear
As if her lovely self was here.
First draw her easy flowing hair,
As soft and black as she is fair;
And if your art can raise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly;
Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
The iv'ry forehead smoothly set,
With care the fable brow extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair space that lies between,
The melting shade may scarce be seen.
The eye must be uncommon fire,
Sparkle, languish, and desire;
The flames unseen must yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt;
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new fall'n snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear
In silence, elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be sure to deck
With ev'ry grace her polish'd neck;
With all that's pretty soft and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil
Her body, not her shape conceal;
Enough the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will speak anon.

N. W. S.

New-York, March 11, 1795.



A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wife professor Vander Bruin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year: and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipsy knows her pow'r, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wisdom, Vander Bruin.



A N E C D O T E.

SAMUEL BALDWYN, a gentleman of Hampshire, England, had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered, that, after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea, beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making enquiry into his motives for the singular distribution of his remains, it was discovered, that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him by way of consolation, that she should DANCE UPON HIS GRAVE.



MAXIM.

SHOULD even our friends deceive us, though we have a right to be indifferent to their professions of friendship, we ought ever to retain a sensibility for their misfortunes.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 14.

T HURSDAY the House of Assembly nominated and appointed the following gentlemen, viz. James Watson, Jotham Post, Lawrence Embree, and John Murray, Jun. Commissioners for superintending the building of a new gaol, in the vicinity of this city, contemplated in the bill now before the Legislature—entitled, “An act for the more effectual prevention of crimes.”

Wednesday arrived here in the ship Diana, Captain Amory from Bristol, Mr. Duvalle, a gentleman who has brought dispatches from Mr. Jay, for the Executive of the United States—they were immediately transmitted to Philadelphia by express. Mr. Jay was at Bath, when Mr. Duvalle left it—we have not as yet, heard any thing with respect to the time, when he intends to embark for this continent.

Wednesday evening arrived here the brig Eliza, Capt. Nory, 29 days from Kingston (Jam.) who informs, that a few days previous to his sailing a vessel had arrived from the Gold coast and brought an account of a French 50 gun ship and two frigates having arrived there, and destroyed all the settlements on the coast, burnt all the shipping and liberated the slaves.

As no information has been yet obtained respecting the grounds of the Treaty with Great-Britain, something may be gathered from the following extract taken from Mr. Fox's speech on the Address—alluding to the objections to treating with the present government of France: He says—“Was America whose own glorious Constitution was founded on the Rights of Man? No such thing—With America whole intercourse with France was great and constant. In America French principles more than any other country; the principles of Liberty and Equality might be expected to find a genial soil, yet America was so far from being thrown into a state of anarchy by these dreadful principles, that she has obtained a **VERY ADVANTAGEOUS** Treaty of Amity and Commerce with this country—a Treaty as far as he had heard of it which justice and policy would have dictated at any time, but which he feared **THE DIFFICULTY IN WHICH OUR MINISTERS HAD INVOLVED THEMSELVES RATHER THAN THEIR JUSTICE OR POLICY**, induced them to give.”

[Diary.]
On Saturday arrived the brig Lydia, Captain Shackerly, in 56 days from Amsterdam. Letters have been received from thence as late as the 7th Jan. We have seen those addressed to a respectable house in this city. They are different dates, state the progress of the French:—That at one time, they crossed the Rhine and the Waal, and drove in the posts established there. It had been afterwards reported at Amsterdam that they had recrossed those rivers: but the postscript to the last letter of the 7th Jan. declares all hopes of stopping the progress of the French to be entirely at an end and that they would undoubtedly be in the city in the course of two or three days—No disturbances had taken place among the inhabitants, who, on the contrary, were calmly waiting their fate.

[Dai. Adv.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 11.

As many persons have doubted the practicability of the decree of the French Convention, ordering each department to furnish a vessel of the line, we are happy in being able to lay before our readers an authentic account of the manner in which this extraordinary decree is carrying into execution.—Throughout the whole republic are immense forests, which are fostered with

great care, for the purpose of supplying fuel and timber for the nation. In these forests, the interior departments, which are not furnished with sea ports are at present engaged in building the vessels they are required to provide. When finished, they are to be propelled to the sea ports on rollers, and there they are finally equipped for sea. The stupendous efforts making in this respect, have never been equalled by any nation in the world, and leave little doubt as to the final issue of the war. [The information here given, rests on the authority of a gentleman of the first respectability, who left France in the month of November.]

[A. D. Adv.]

The following Intelligence is received per the Diana, Captain Amory, from Bristol.

LONDON, December 29.

The Rhine as well as the Waal is now frozen over. The French, we learn, are moving towards Gorcum; but we are ignorant of their numbers. We expect soon to come to an action with the enemy, unless we prevent it by our usual expedient—a retreat. It is hardly possible that any circumstance, a treaty excepted, can intervene to prevent the French from soon making themselves masters of Holland. It is impossible to describe the concern and anxiety exhibited on the countenances of almost every man among us who has any direction of our operations.

DUTCH CORRESPONDENCE.

Hague, December 28.

At a very early hour this morning, a courier arrived here with the following intelligence:

On the 27 (yesterday) the French made a general attack on all the points of the frontier of the State: they were the more successful, because the ice in the rivers and inundations had been rendered so strong by the severe and continual frost, as to enable them to cross without difficulty, and to attack our posts in front and rear. They thus forced the troops of the state to retreat, to prevent their being entirely cut off.

In this way the enemy became masters of the Canton of Bommel; and as they had crossed the Waal, a part of the troops stationed in the aforesaid Canton near Bradaal, retreated during the night to the vicinity of the Dyke of Dalem, to prevent their being cut off either side of Gorinchem, which would otherwise be the case. The other troops in the Canton of Bommel, who had repaired to the second position, retreated towards Gorinchem, leaving behind them several hundreds of men. In the Longstrant all the posts were attacked at the same time; and from thence the enemy proceeded to the posts of Capellen and Waspick, which, after an obstinate resistance, were obliged to retreat towards Geertruidenberg.

At 10 in the morning the enemy also attacked the right wing of the line of defence, stationed in the wood between Geertruidenberg and Breda: they turned the lunette constructed there; and at the departure of the courier, were employed in attacking the forts of Steelhoven.

The only account we have received respecting the post of Jer Heyde, states, that the dragoon guards belonging to that post had reached Willemstad. By this it would appear that the line of Breda has been also forced, and the communication with that fortress thus cut off. We are in the mean time impatiently waiting for further details.

Jan. 8.—The fate of Holland has probably been decided by this time, as it was determined by General Walmoden, who is commander in chief of the British and Hanoverian troops, in the absence of the Duke of York—in concert with General Harcourt—that a general engage-

ment with the French should be hazarded on the last day of the old year.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening the 25th ult. at A-quackononk, by the Rev. Dr. Schoonmacker, Doctor JAMES TREDWELL, of Patterson, to Miss MARY VAN WINKLE, of that place.

On Tuesday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. EDWARD HIGGINS, to Miss SUSANNAH HIGGINS, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 5th inst. at Brooklyn, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. HENRY J. WYKOFF, merchant of this city, to Miss PHOEBE SUYDAM, daughter of Ferdinand Suydam, Esq. of that place.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. JOSEPH TOWERS, to Mrs. ANN CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On Sunday last, at Greensburgh, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. ELISHA HART, of this city, to Miss POLLY DICKTER, of that place.

On Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. JEREMIAH JESSOP, to Miss ELIZABETH BRUFF, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. JAMES BERRIAN, of Hell-Gate, (L. I.) to Miss CHARLOTTE COOPER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, ADRIAN KISSAM, Esq. to Mrs. ELIZABETH BAYARD, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, both of this city.

DIED

On Saturday last, at Staten-Island, after a long and painful illness, Mr. RICHARD WEBB, aged 79 years 11 months and 19 days.

On Thursday last very suddenly, Capt. WILLIAM TAPP, of this city. He served in the American army, during the late war, with credit and honor, and in him, it may be justly said, his country has lost a tried patriot, a true friend and a faithful servant. The several Societies of which he was a member, and his friends in general, are requested to attend his funeral, this afternoon, at 5 o'clock, from his late residence, No. 394 Pearl-street.

T H E A T R E.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

On MONDAY EVENING, March 16.

Will be presented, A COMEDY, in Four Acts, (never performed here) called,

Heigho for a Husband!

To which will be added, (by particular Desire) A COMIC OPERA, called,

The Highland Reel.

The Doors will be opened a Quarter after Five, and the Curtain drawn up precisely a Quarter after six o'Clock.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

BOOK BINDING

IN all its branches, by Peter Burtell, Book-Binder, No. 95, Beekman-street, four doors east of the City Dispensary, all kinds of Books bound at the shortest notice in Morocco, Calf or Sheep leather, gilt or plain. Merchants account books of every size, ruled and bound in the neatest manner. Ledgers ruled for double or single entry with or without Russia bands, port folios, and merchants police and memorandum books made to any size or pattern.

N. B. All orders strictly attended to.

March 14.

57—6

Court of Apollo.

BEAUTY.

[BY MRS. ROBINSON.]

GO tell the vain, the insolent, and fair,
That life's best days are only days of care;
That BEAUTY, flutt'ring like a painted fly,
Owes to the spring of youth its rarest die;
When Winter comes its charms shall fade away,
And the poor insect wither and decay:
Go bid the giddy phantom learn from thee,
That Virtue only braves mortality.

WONDERFUL ACCOUNT OF A DOG SWALLOWED BY AN EEL.

A Gentleman in the province of Leinster in Ireland, in December 1749, fired at a duck on a lake that was frozen over; the duck being only wounded, dived under the ice, the gentleman's dog followed her, but not returning, he went home.

In the month of February following, a fisherman having caught a prodigious large eel, many people went to see it, and among the rest, the above gentleman. The fisherman agreed to open the eel, when to the surprise of all the spectators, out jumped poor Tray, the gentleman's dog, and ran fawning to his master brisk and lively: but greatly emaciated, from remaining so long in the eel's belly.

UNITED STATES LOTTERY, For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by applying as above.

N. B. To Let to the 1st of May next, 3 or 4 Rooms with the use of a Kitchen, Cistern, Yard, &c. and for the ensuing year if required likewise one or two furnished rooms, by applying as above.

1*

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 101, Pearl-street, (formerly Great Dock-street) as usual, till May next, when he will remove to No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.
A N active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of age, and of reputable connections, is wanted at this Office.

PRINTERS INK.

MANUFACTURED and Sold by Jacob Fee, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

1f.

The Moralist.

THE VIRTUES.—A FRAGMENT.

SAY, what is Temp'rance? but the pow'r to fight
And subjugate insurgent appetite,
What Justice? but the faculty to rein
Ambition, envy, anger, love of gain.
What Prudence? but the happy care to look
Ere blind expectance take the bated hook.
What Courage? but a parley held with fear,
Till evil it repel, or learn to bear,
What Pity? but gratitude and love
Exalted to perfection's source above.
What Patriotism? but selfishness subdu'd,
And turn'd to wish and work a country's good.
What every Virtue? but the power that bends
The noblest passion to the noblest ends:
That keen, that constant sense of right and wrong,
Which guards the soul temptation's snares among,
Keeps firm attach'd to duty's lovely form,
And bids defiance to each threat'ning form.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the estate of John Titus, late of the city of New-York ship-carpenter, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber; and all those who have any demands against the said estate, are requested to render in their accounts for adjustment. ABIGAIL TITUS, Administratrix.

February 28, 1795.

55—6w.

JOHN HARRISON,

Has just received, in addition to his former assortment the following New and Entertaining

NOVELS, &c

SYDNEY & EUGENIA, Queen of France, Woody Park, or the Victims of Revenge, The Life & Adventures of Anthony Leger, Esq: or, the Man of Shifts. In three vols. Letters from Henrietta to Morvina, Julius, or the Natural Son, History of Jane Gray, Queen of England, Siege of Belgrade, an Historical Novel, Gabrielle De Vergey an Historic Tale, Delicate Distress, Tristram Shandy, Gertrude or the Orphan of Llanfruist, Penitent Father, or injured innocence triumphant, Life and surprising achievements of Samuel Simkin, Esq.

Expedition of Little Pickle, or the Pretty Plotter, Mrs. Davies' Diary, Cowley's Poems, Arabian Tales, being a continuation of the Arabian Nights,

Fool of Quality, Julia Mandeville, Man of Feeling, Man of the World, Julia De Roubigne,

Paradise lost, do. regain'd, elegant copy, Pindar's Poems, handsome edition.

Hervey's dialogues, 'Gospel Sonnets. A great variety of the newest Song Books, and A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets, &c. Blank Books and Stationery, &c. &c

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 431, Pearl-street, where bakers, grocers and others may be supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms for cash.

May 22 1794

WILLIAM CARGILL.

Now in the Press, and shortly will be Published, by Benjamin Gomez, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 97, Maiden-Lane,
The Opera of the CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
Adorned with an elegant Frontispiece.

SIGN PAINTING, GILDING & GLAZING,
By JOHN VANDER POOL,
No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BLACK LEAD POTS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—
BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackning Franklin stoves, and irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts, good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles, pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 101, Pearl-street, (formerly Great Dock-street) until May next, when she will remove to No. 30, Vesey-street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years) where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

N. B. Handsome and airy apartments, genteelly furnished, may be had from the first May, at No. 30, Vesey-street. Feb. 14, 1795.

SIX-PENCE REWARD.

RUNAWAY on the night of the 17th ult. from the subscriber, living in Philips-Town, Dutches County, a Mulatto girl, named LIT-TICE ENNES, about 17 years of age, short and thick set, with long bushy hair, and very handsome in the face; but naturally remarkable awkward and saucy:—Had on when she went away, a striped short gown and blue petticoat, a black beaver hat and green veil; and took with her a dark chintz gown, a chintz shawl, a black silk cloak with ermine on, and some other cloathing. Whoever will take up said mulatto girl, and return her to her master, shall have the above reward. All persons are forbid harbouring her for the future.

ANDREW FOWLER.

Philips-Town, March 7, 1795. 56—tf.

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